

## OLD JEWELRY THE RAGE

RETRAILLOOMS OF ROYALTY WORN BY NEW YORK WOMEN.

It is Part of the Revival of the Directoire Fashions—Much Jewelry Once Owned by Noble Families in Europe Now Held in America—The Collectors.

One of the noticeable changes in fashion as evidenced at the opera and the Horse Show has brought about a new era in jewelry for which the Directoire, Empire or First Consul, as one may choose to term the period to which women have returned, is undoubtedly responsible.

A barbaric generosity in jewelry marked the attire of the Empress Josephine, who was responsible for so many of the styles that in a modified form are seen on the street, at the theatre, opera and public and private functions. Pearls were favorites with her, and pearls are in consequence to the fore again.

In the dressing room of the Manhattan Opera House on the opening night a young woman with a turquoise Empire gown was seen adjusting at the loop of the giraffe end an exquisite filigree buckle of gold encrusted with seed pearls, which spoke the word heirloom in silent eloquence. Her only other ornament consisted of a necklace of the same tiny beads braided and twisted and at the clasp worn thin by the use of many generations was the initial of a family whose diamonds and other gems have furnished a topic of interest for many years.

In one of the boxes, topping an elaborate coiffure of puffs, curls and braids, was a coronet of dull silver set with diamonds of the old Indian mines, of the rare blue tint which was pointed out by a connoisseur as an undoubted find at some Parisian jeweller's shop. This same connoisseur, lost to such matters as high notes and sartorial eccentricities, pointed out here and there in box and orchestra seat proof of his contention that conventional jewelry at the present moment marks the limited bank account and the mediocre spirit.

"Fashion," he quotes sententiously, "has, according to Balzac, never been anything more than the general opinion on the subject of dress; and the general opinion to-day is that one must be individual as they were at that most artistic period in France and the individuality must conform to the general rule as suggested by the leaders of the modes."

The speaker points to the golden aureoled head of a pretty girl whose loops and twists of hair are caught by shell combs, each with a narrow line of diamonds across the top with a tiny fleur de lis in the centre and remarks that the ornamentation of combs was one of the most conspicuous modes in the Empire days and that particular design was used considerably, though not of course quite so much as the bee comb in which the fleur de lis was replaced by the Napoleonic insect with outstretched wings encrusted with tiny gems.

The long neck chains, popular in the First Consul days and of which Parisians are particularly fond, were seen at the necks of many of the older women. One particularly beautiful chain was long enough to twist about the neck a second time and to permit a second twist below the bust. It was ornamented with rose coral oblongs, perfectly matched in color and size, holding a coral encrusted locket of the Louis XVI. period. This chain, coral hair combs and coral ornamented buckle completed the choicest models of jewelry worn during the Consulate and the Empire, for the gems of that period are in America.

"We don't realize the fact," said this jeweller, "but it is true that the majority of the chief d'œuvres of that time and of other periods as well, remarkable for their aesthetic grace in this form of art, are to be seen on some such occasion as a first night at the opera, a classy ball given by one of the leaders of society or in the jewel casket of some collector who does not care particularly for the public exhibition of these treasures so long as the joy of the connoisseur may be experienced by actual possession."

## LITTLE WANTS OF A BIG CITY

ODD WAYS IN WHICH SOME MEN MAKE A LIVING.

One Week's Work a Year for Santa Claus—Picking in the Street—Boys Profit by Footish Pigeons—Gables Checked—Tobster Cruisers—Bred Squirrels.

Anybody can be a clerk or a clerkman or a bank president or a teamster. It takes more individuality to strike out in a career like that of the man who works but one week in the year.

This man is Santa Claus. He was once a civil engineer and then he became an architect and finally he deserted both callings and became Santa Claus.

His head is covered with a great mass of snow white hair. It falls down over his venerable shoulders and mingles with his equally white beard. The latter falls far down his chest and the old gentleman looks for all the world like the pictures of Santa Claus. Every holiday season he can be found working in some store, posing as the holiday saint, rattling shiny toys before the fascinated gaze of New York's million children.

Fifty-one weeks in the year he works not at all, and how he subsists and has enough money to buy his little red drinks no man can tell.

There is another peculiar calling. In a downtown office a man sits day after day writing obituary notices. He has developed the knack of writing pretty things about men who are still living, and an industrious salesman sees that these eulogies are set up in type and shown to the flattered subject, who is usually persuaded to pay in return for the promise that every newspaper of importance will receive a proof sheet of his life's happenings. Often these obituaries are published before the subject dies, as for instance on the occasion of his wife's suing him for divorce.

The lineup man is a product of New York and of nowhere else. He belongs to a clan of agile, sinewy legged brethren who, infest back yards and his business is to shin up the poles from which are suspended innumerable clotheslines to fix up frayed out lines, tie on new ropes and get the courtyard rigging into shipshape condition against the Monday wash. He will climb the highest pole in Harlem without the aid of a net and fix your ropes for 25 cents.

"Lady, it is decidedly unsafe to trundle your baby about in this rickety carriage," is the greeting of the vender of rubber tires for perambulators.

After convincing a startled mother that she has been carelessly subjecting her child to terrible danger from capsizeing the crafty salesman swoops down upon



THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE NECKLACE.

same tint, looped together with tiny gold rings studded with mook pearls.

At the Horse Show it was noticed that as in the Empire time tiny watches were worn suspended from chains about the neck instead of being tucked away in the gowns or hung on fobs. Some of these watches, if they contained modern works, were certainly old in model. The First Consul crosses were outlined with pearls or diamonds, were rarely plain, but were worn in every size, from the tiniest to those six or seven inches long.

As to the long earrings which fashion threatened last winter, while they are by no means popular it may at least be said that they are holding their own. The First Empire modes being to a certain extent responsible for them. One pair noticed consisted of two enormous pearls, from which were suspended a dozen smaller stones forming a tiny rope ending in pearl tassels, each strand of the tassels ending in a diamond and the earring itself being about two inches long.

The question arises naturally, Where does all this old jewelry come from? Some of it is evidently genuine, some faithfully duplicates, designs and models of the late eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

This question is only partly answered by the fashionable jewellers of the city, who in their private cases have stowed away special designs which they have purchased themselves, possibly to sell after they have been duplicated, or to return to some customer who has lent them for copying. According to one of these it is not necessary to scour Paris and other European cities for the choicest models of jewelry worn during the Consulate and the Empire, for the gems of that period are in America.

"We don't realize the fact," said this jeweller, "but it is true that the majority of the chief d'œuvres of that time and of other periods as well, remarkable for their aesthetic grace in this form of art, are to be seen on some such occasion as a first night at the opera, a classy ball given by one of the leaders of society or in the jewel casket of some collector who does not care particularly for the public exhibition of these treasures so long as the joy of the connoisseur may be experienced by actual possession."

lured into accepting a nickel for the weighing of the crowd.

Precisely speaking, the man with the camera stands in this list of people who make a living out of curious jobs. Most folks have seen him anchored on a bright corner of a Sunday afternoon, holding a picture of one and all for the small sum of 10 cents.

When you have on your best bib and tucker you strike a dignified pose, with your smallest sister leaning against you, and in two jerks of a lamb's tail your dress is slipped upon the post card, which is kept forever after in the family album, where in years to come you gaze upon it and wonder how the devil you got into that position.

The man with the telescope doesn't make a handsome income, and he usually looks unhappy and ill at ease, but for a nickel he will show you the ridges in the moon and the canals on Mars, and if the bulbous top piece of the Metropolitan tower gets in the way it's your own fault and not his.

Next comes what is really a woman's calling, but strangely enough it is followed by a large man with an extremely red face and a stubby mustache. Children must like him because his business is checking them while bargaining selling marmalades through their ways through the aisles of stores.

He stands at the head of a line of baby carriages, soothing his round faced cheeks and waving a tinkling strap of ragged edged checks. Upon delivery to him of the check which he gave in return when you entered the store you may receive again your baby. No check, no baby, just as in the Chin's place.

You mightn't think that a man could make out an existence selling catnip. One does, though. He stands at an uptown corner with a basketful of cat's delight, selling it for two cents a bunch, and the old maid in the vicinity makes daily pilgrimages to his corner. When you're inclined to growl about your present salary, think of the man selling catnip for two cents a bunch.

Being a dog undertaker might be classified as a curious occupation in New York. It is declared that there isn't a dog undertaker anywhere else in the world, but the one here makes a good living out of it. He takes charge of the departed dog, slides him up, chucking him into a proper coffin and buries him with pomp, the quality and volume of said pomp being largely determined by what you have to spend upon the interment of your four legged pal.

Here's another funny occupation. A man goes around through the sweat shop district mending shoes. If you are a sweatshop employee you generally have one pair of shoes, and of necessity in addition to crawling up flagpoles, you must have a cheerful smile and some small change.

Steepjacks are peculiar in a way, but they have found another occupation in addition to crawling up flagpoles. They tinker the roofs of downtown skyscrapers. Ordinary janitors and help-

Investigation along this line leads to an old curiosity shop where an acknowledged authority on the subject has an interesting exhibit of antique jewels, a great part of which is too highly prized to be placed in the regular cases, but is drawn out as the talk goes on from secret recesses, from the interior of a huge safe and even from chamois bags in the owner's coat pockets.

He is in especially good humor, for he has just sold a thousand dollar snuff-box of bloodstones (1765) decorated on the top with a spray of diamond flowers and lined and mounted in dull gold. The purchase has been made by one of the few collectors of this form of personal chattels in the city, who has hesitated a long time between that and a watch of re-poussé gold set with turquoise and diamonds, having an open face with a big hole in it to be wound by means of an old fashioned key.

There are other interesting clients who are ushered out just before the connoisseur comes into complete his purchase of the snuff-box which it has taken him four days to accomplish. One couple are foreign looking and they come from the inner room, where only the most important deals are consummated. They are conversing in German and a great deal of deference is shown them by the antiquarian, who sees them get into a cab and drive away.

When the shop is cleared he takes from an old velvet case an exquisite corsage piece of diamonds about six inches long. This is an heirloom which he has just purchased from the couple in question. That it is no unusual incident for some of the nobility of the Old World to go to him to dispose of their only capital he admits.

"In this case there is no dickering in regard to the price. I had a Western woman in here only the other day," he says, "who wanted to buy something of this kind whose authenticity was undoubted and who was willing to pay almost any sum for it. This piece belonged to one of the royal houses of Austria and dates back to the time of Marie Louise. The Western woman has purchased a house in New York, has an opera box and intends to start a jewel collection that will open the eyes of her friends."

"There never has been such a rage for antiques as at present," the antiquarian goes on to say. "It is undoubtedly due to the revival of the Directoire styles. Women are being better educated all along the line and don't any longer buy jewels from one or two well known houses for the pleasure of saying that they come from So-and-so's without heeding the fact that the piece may be worn in duplicate by dozens of other women from the Atlantic to the Pacific and only represents the expenditure of a certain sum of money, without either taste or information."

"I have just completed my seventeenth trip to Europe. So far as any real profit is concerned I consider the last few journeys wasted. All the jewels that it is possible to get hold of are now in America. The rest are strongly protected by ownership in private families and only bankruptcy or other misfortune will place them on the market."

"At a fashionable night at the opera this winter there is no doubt that the connoisseur might state that every line of royal lineage in Europe is represented in the jewel display and would not be far wrong in his statement. As soon as one of the nobility gets stranded he decamps with his family plate and jewels, and America offers the safest as well as the most lucrative market. But there is a



SOME EMPIRE JEWELRY SEEN AT THE OPERA.

lot of bogus stuff on the market and one has to know the hallmarks, and even the most expert of us get fooled."

He takes out of a secret drawer a simple strand of pearls and an oval brooch with a pearl bouquet as decoration. Both of these are of the Napoleonic era.

"I picked them up in Paris years ago," he says, "and they are the only two pieces left of a number I secured at the sale of the effects of a famous Countess who had them from her grandmother. Here is a necklace of jade squares alternated with gold filigree done by a French workman at the time of the Em-

pire, when there was a craze for a short time for the Oriental jewels, when Egyptian and Japanese and Indian work flourished. A great deal of the work done then was merely imitated from genuine models, but a great deal of it is sold now in good faith by purchasers of it in Paris or other parts of Europe who really believe that it was made in the Orient."

"Here is a clasp that belonged to a French Countess who came over just to sell it in America. It is a genuine fifteenth century piece and is valued at \$5,000. Like most of the work of that time it is done in silver, not because the diamonds showed off better, as some contend, but because silver was more easily procurable and the setting was never permitted to be obtrusive."

"The most wonderful gold work was done by the Italians and it is very hard to procure. You can search the old shops of Italy to-day and find only good imitations, and you can get those here."

"Cameos, however, you can get in considerable abundance, and if the fad to reestablish them in fashion had succeeded there were several fine sets, of authentic history, that might have been procured by an enterprising expert. But cameos cannot be made popular for some reason; you will find a few scattered specimens which correspond very



ONE OF THE UNTOLD STORIES.

sold to well known collectors here.

"There are some women so very original in their tastes that they simply will not be led by fashion, but seem to adapt fashion to their needs. A client came to me a short time ago for a necklace to wear with a smoke colored evening dress."

"I suggested coral, jade, emeralds and every other stone I could think of and showed her some antique models. Nothing would do. Finally, and I wouldn't have showed them to her if she had not been a valued customer, I took out from my safe my collection of royal scarabs and she screamed with delight when she found one of gray jasper, the gem of the

very valuable lot. She had this scarab design made into a necklace set in dull bands of gold and it was very effective and cost a pretty penny."

"Another woman who knows a great deal about the value of designs and history of jewels has urged her husband to take her to Mexico this winter for no reason except to browse around the shops and places there, having learned that there are no metal workers in the world to-day that can compare with some of those old Mexican gold and silver smiths and that while the most of their best pieces are buried in their hills and mounds there are ways for the knowing—who have the price—to get them unearthed."

"When you see an old Mexican fire opal set as a brooch or necklace or a piece of opal matrix in a bracelet, with their cunning arabesques of handwrought silver you don't have to look much further for genuine beauty. There is a lot of the old Spanish jewelry there too which hasn't been gobbled up yet. They were clever artificers and no doubt in time will manage to get most of their jewels as well as those of Europe."

"A woman on her way to the Horse Show the other day purchased a snuffbox which she was going to use for a powder puff. It is very quaint in design and set with a diamond catch. She is quite an expert and thought at first it was an old Italian piece until I pointed out that good as the old Spanish work was it could not compare with their neighbors' in execution and showed her some examples of both to prove my remark, which I did—after she had purchased it."



THE MODERN PURCHASER OF THE NECKLACE.

## THE MEN WHO WANT A NICKEL.

Experiences of a Man With the Late Night Park Row Petticoaters.

"These men who brace me for the price of a meal every night are a sad trial to my nerves," said a man whose business causes him to be out late at night on Park row. "I can't give to them all and how am I to choose?"

"I waved a fellow aside impatiently the other morning—it was about 3 A. M.—when he gave a sob and wailed at me—I can't describe it any other way—he simply wailed 'I don't want money. Take me into a restaurant and buy me a meal. I'm hungry.'"

"Well, I was in a hurry and I didn't. I have suffered for it since. I can hear that hungry voice and I wish I had bought him a meal. But a few days earlier I had a different experience."

A voluble chap stopped me and swore he was dying of starvation. I think he said he had only had a crust out of a garbage can in forty-eight hours. He was eager that I couldn't resist him, but he didn't inspire me with complete confidence. I put my hand in my pocket, but drew it out again and steered him across the street to a beanery.

"I marched him up to the counter and slapping down half a dollar I said, 'Give this man anything to eat that this will buy for him.'"

"It was turning to tell him that if he couldn't eat it all up at once he could come back and get another meal for the balance when I was dumfounded by a sort of choking expression on his face."

"His eyes were fairly bulging and he clasped his hands in agony as he entreated, 'Oh, please, sir, don't waste all that money on food.' I then, as he noticed my amazement, he whined, 'You see, I need it for my supper.'"

"It seemed plausible. I turned to say he might have the change after his supper was paid for, when I caught the cashier's eye. It said, 'Don't you be fooled as plainly as the droop of a lid could say I saw a starving man sitting down at one of the tables, palpably the worst hobo that ever sat down to a square feed.'"

"I had another queer experience outside the Post Office lately. It was a chilly, windy night and I noticed that a low, elderly man coming toward me had a long snout and fixed in it, so that it makes a handle."

Filled with ferns these baskets now appear in the windows of many florists. Furthermore they have given a considerable fillip to the study of natural history as far as finding out what armadillos are, especially among the small children who see them displayed."

## EFFORT BY PROXY.

Involuntary Attempts to Help Athletes at Exciting Moments.

In pictures of athletic competitions, chiefly hurdle races and high jumps, an occasional spectator is seen caught by the camera in a queer posture.

If it is a picture of an athlete leaping, then chances to one the spectator has involuntarily raised his right leg, twisting his body in automatic expression of a desire to help the jumper. With hurdle races photographs this often may be noticed too, and in the case of sprinters not a few men stand with faces twisted up and holding the breath in correct imitation of the athlete.

So too with football views. In one of a big game recently there was a photograph of a man on the side line watching a tackle who was crouching down in almost exact imitation of a waiting defence man who was shown at the moment making ready for his leap at the runner.

Men who follow athletics know how involuntary this is. One athletic trainer has appeared in hundreds of pictures as watching some one of his charges high jumping, with his leg swung out just as if he were making the leap himself. There is a sort of relief for the feeling of trying to help the jumper. In swinging the leg up so, and almost any person is likely to do it.

It may be noticed at prizefights that some men go through the entire battle punch for punch, crossing and countering an imaginary opponent as they watch the struggle before them. Men drive and ride horses in races from the stand, making the effort in the stretch along with the jockey of their fancy. This is one of the well known features among the race crowd where there are many "grand stand riders."

In wrestling matches almost any one will try, purely by instinct, to help the athlete who is down and who is bridging desperately.

And yet there is rarely enough telepathic suggestion in the air saturated with desire to bring about a result different from what naturally might be expected at the moment when the greatest wish for something else is born. That is to say the high jumper doesn't spring as clear as the bar, nor the sprinter squeeze out the inch or so that he needs, nor the jockey whip his mount in for the head that means victory.

## TAXICAB OF HIS OWN.

One Former Hansom Driver Who Went It Alone Prosperously.

The taxicab chauffeurs' strike held all attention to the many varieties of taxicab there are in the city. It helped also to bring out that there are many lone taxicabs for hire which do not belong to any company at all. There are men in the city who have gone into the game for themselves after finding out that automobile harking has hurt the horse trade decidedly.

One of these men bought a small automobile, second hand, of a type that costs new only about \$800. He had the touring body rebuilt, with a cover on the lines of the familiar taxicab tonneau. Then he bought himself one of the taximeter devices for indicating distances and fares and set to work down around the ferries where he used to have his place in the horse cab ranks.

The taxicab engine is made so that it shall be economical of gasoline, doing a great deal of work for the amount of fuel used. This man was lucky enough to run over to the long snout and fixed in it, so that it makes a handle."

"I'm making good money now," he puts it. "In fact I'm glad they drove me into this business."

## ARMADILLO FERN BASKETS.

New Thing Florists Are Selling Made From the Case of the Dead Ant Eater.

What appears to be new in the line of flower baskets is the armadillo-shell sold by florists. The armadillo's hard shell cover when polished makes a very fine fern basket. The tail of the animal is flattened to the long snout and fixed in it, so that it makes a handle."

Filled with ferns these baskets now appear in the windows of many florists. Furthermore they have given a considerable fillip to the study of natural history as far as finding out what armadillos are, especially among the small children who see them displayed."